The Second Part OF THE COMMITTEE-MAN CURRIED.

By the first Author, *S. S.*

-------Stulta est clementia, cùm tot ubique
Vatibus occurras perituræ parcere Chartæ.

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The argument of the first and second Part of the Committee-man curried.

Suck-dry, one o'th Committee throng,
Forgets himselfe, and sleeps too long,
And vext, that so he lost much pelfe,
Doth cudgell his Domestick Elfe,
Common Curse, one borne to tyrannize,
A gatherer of the Excise,
With *Time-Server*, a two fa'ct Priest
Within a Tavern meet and feast,
And there when warm'd with wine, bewray
How they the Commons doe betray:
And after both incens'd with spight
Within a wood they meet, and fight.
A faithfull subject *Loyaltie*,
One that had fought for Soveraigntie,
Droven to want, and needie cares,
Unto his unkles house repaires,
Of whom hee's not the least respected,
But as a castaway rejected:
Yet after by a wily traine,
He threescore pounds, from him doth gaine.
Shallow Brains, *Common Curse* his *Clark*,
Doth wed a widdow in the dark:
Time-Server had the plot hit right,
Had layen with her, her marriage night.
But both (detected by good hap)
Are taken in a watry trap:
Horne, a contented cuckold, keepes
A wife, maintaines him while he sleepes;
Suck-drie with him often barters,
That he might come between her quarters:
Is taken in the act of shame,
By one that coveted the same,
Is beaten by him almost dead,
Or (if it please you) *Curried*.

The Prologue.

A Second part (you'l ſay) the firſt weel ſweare
Was neatly writ, though not one goood line there:
Another gives his Vote, and ſaies fie, fie,
The plot was poore, the Authors braines were drie,
And each man gives his Doome; ſome not affeard
To pronounce judgement e're the cauſe they've heard,
You not the Authour, but your ſelves diſgrace;
And pray conſider't, for here lies the caſe,
It oft fals out in penny worths of wit,
As in all bargaines elſe, men ever get
All they can in; and will have London meaſure
A handfull over, in their verie pleaſure,
Beſides you might conſider, that the Age
Allowes not wit to enter on the Stage
As formerly, the ſweat of Johnſons *braine,*
Nor yet the Comick Fletchers *eaſier ſtraine,*
Which once a Hackney Coach convey'd you to,
Where you ſate ſcorning all the raine could doe,
And for your twelvepences a peece could ſit
As ſterne-brow'd Iudges of all freſher wit:
And therefore ſince 'tis ſo, you Gentiles all,
Would blaſt your owne bliſſe, to be critit all,
The Author praiſe you, for to thinke the ſtore
Of wit is waſted by thoſe were before,
And that the fatneſſe of the ſoile being ſpent,
Mens braines grown barren, you'd not raiſe the rent.

Exit.

The perſons acting who preſent not in the firſt Part.

URinall, a Phyſitian. A *Tailor*, two *Sergeants*.
Sleep & *Death*, according as they are uſually fancied.
Povertie. *Harlotto* *Sneaks* wife.
Three *Creditors*. A *Maid*. *Servants*.

The

THE COMMITTEE-MAN CURRIED.

Act 1. Scene 1.

Enter *Sneake* and *Shallow-Braines*.

Sneake.

THy father left thee much money, and but a ſmal quantity of wit to mannage it. What---after all this to marrie a widdow, a kinde of chewed meat---what a fantaſticall ſtomack haſt thou, that thou canſt not eat of a diſh till another firſt cut of it---who would waſh after another, when he might have freſh water enough for asking.

Enter Time-Server.

Time-Serv. M. *Shallow-Braines*, and M. *Sneake*, the whole company are troubled at your abrupt departure---your faire wife M. *Shallow-Braines* is very ſenſible of your departure---

Shallow-Br. Why here *Sneake* tells me, widdowes are but chewed meat---and has ſet ſuch a foile upon my appetite, that ſhould I ſee her, I ſhould go nigh to vomit.

Time-Ser. Fie M. *Sneake*, that you with rude breath ſhould go about to extinguiſh *Hymens* taper ere it is through lighted. Come hither M. *Shallow-Braines*,---M. *Sneake*, give me leave to pitie thee, who wouldſt faine condemne that which I will make thee confeſſe naturall; and the ſooner the better.

Sneak. As how, as how?

Time. Firſt, I will prove that a widdow is rather the chewer, then the chewed; for ſhould we not account him ſtrangely.

ly fantaſticall, that would ſpend an houre in pulling on a ſtrait boot, when he might be furniſhed with enough that would come on eaſily, and do him more ſervice, and as much credit; wine firſt broacht drinks not half ſo wel as after awhile drawing: wouldſt thou not account him a mad man, who whileſt he might faire and eaſily ride on the beaten road way, ſhould trouble himſelf with breaking up of gaps; a well-wayed horſe will ſooner conveigh thee to thy journeys end, then an unbackt Fillie: 'tis Prince-like to marrie a widdow, for 'tis to have a Taſter.

Shal. I begin to have my ſtomack come to me again.

Sneak. I, but Sir, I pray reſolve me, whether it be not better, if a man muſt be in priſon, to lie in a private room, then in the hole.

Time-ſer. I ſhall anſwer you with *Pythagoras* in his 2. *Sect. de Cuniculorum*, that it is better to lie in the hole, then ſit in the ſtocks. --Come M. *Shallow-braines*, the widdow you have married, I hope, will never give you cauſe to curſe the time I joyn'd your hands: ſhe is faire and demure; come M. *Sneake*, will you along?

The joviall crew will blame our tardy ſtay,
And may they make the bridegroom drunk to day. (*Exeunt*

Manet Sneak.

Sneak. Ile follow you---I nere yet affected a woman but as an houſe of office, to exonerate nature for that time.

Women enjoy'd, what ere before they've been,
Are like Romances read, or fights once ſeen;
Or like to Majeſty, which we deſire
Often to ſee, yet if too much we tire,
Fruition's dull, and ſpoiles the Play much more,
Then if one read, or knew the plot before.
'Tis expectation makes a bleſſing deare,
All joyes were nothing, knew we what they were. *Exit.*

SCENE 2.

Enter a *Taylor.* 2. *Sergeants.*

Taylor. Hee's ſomwhat tall of ſtature, his haire ſomwhat inclining to black; his chin has no buſh, ſave a little downe, enough to give notice to the world, he now growes manniſh.

1. *Ser.*

1. *Ser.* Is he a blade, will he fence, and uſe his ſpit dexterouſly?

Tay. O, no, he weares no ſword, the Committees have taken away your feares in that point, and ordered, that on pain of cloſe impriſonment no Cavalier ſhall mannage ſteel.

2. *Ser.* I like that well, *Rapio*, is the word, what's the debt?

Tay. Nine pounds, Ile aſſure you.

1. *Ser.* Are you ſure he's retir'd into his houſe?

Tay. Moſt certain, 'tis but a little waiting, I ſhall requite your ſtay, you ſhall find me at the next Tavern. *Exit.*

2 *Ser.* Stand cloſe, I heare one coming.

SCENE 3. Enter *Loyalty.*

Loy. *He's not at home, this* Povertie's *ſo hated a diſeaſe, men flie from't as the Pox or Plague.*---No matter, to morrow Ile imbarque for France, and prove, if with the climate I can change my fortune; but before I go, I have diſcover'd that which cheares my ſoule, the States-men that ſo long have revelled, now hang their heads like full-ear'd corne, two of them ſupt laſt night in London at a place where I then was, & in the midſt of ſupper one askt what a clock 'twas, and when 'twas told, ſtarted, as if he had been to run a race, ---there's ſome great ſtorm towards, whiſpering in every corner; and there has been about the town to day a murmuring and a buzzing, ſuch as men uſe to make when they do fear to vent their fears.

1. *Ser.* 'Tis he, upon him, upon him.

Loy. How now my friends, what means this outrage?

1. *Ser.* Quietly, 'twill be your beſt way.

Loy. Beſt way, for what?

2. *Ser.* Why 'twill be your beſt way, becauſe there is no other; *Rapio*, that's the word, you muſt along Sir.

Loy. Is that the word, then here's my ſword. [*runs at them,*

Ser. Murder, murder, murder, h'as kild one [*one ſcapes*
of the Kings Officers, murder, murder. [*away.*

Loy. The people begin to gather, I muſt not ſtay. *Exit.*

Enter *Conſtable, People.*

Con. What's the matter?

Ser. Here Sir, here,---oh a man-mender, a man-mender has broacht me in ſo many places, all the liquor in my body will run out.---Oh, oh! *Con.*

Con. In troth neighbour, and in good deed law, I am very ſorry for your hurts; on my life this was one of the cartiers.

Ser. Cavaliers you meane.

Con. I Cavalier, would I had him in hold, the Committee, I believe would order him.

Ser. Hang the Committee, ô ſhall I bleed to death? ſome help good people.

Con. Alas neighbour, --- ſee, h'as tapt him at the wrong end too, hee has been buſie with you here behind (as they ſay) lend a hand ſome of you; I charge ſome —— in the Kings name to follow mee. *Exeunt.*

Act 2. Scene 1.

Enter againe Loyalty.

Loyalty. I Shall not ſcape them ſure, which way now? ther'es no paſſage that way: ---a doore, and open too. *Enter againe.* (*Exit.*

Where am I now? *Enter a Maid.*

Maid. O Mr. *Loveleſſe*, my Miſtreſſe hath been in ſuch feares for you----

Loy. Ha, for me, 'tis fit I apprehend her, and take the opportunity, (*aſide*) Alas I could not help it.

Maid. Sir, ſhee's i'th garden walks, hoping your preſence.

Loy. This is prettie. (*aſide.*) Ile to her inſtantly.

Maid. She hath been ſo diſtemper'd.

Loy. How ſhall I beare my ſelfe? (*aſide.*) Iam very ſorrie for that.

Maid. Come Sir, my Miſtreſſe will rejoyce to heare your entrance.

Loy. Ile venter in, Love guide me right this night, and lovers ſhall reſtore thee back againe thoſe eyes the Poets took ſo boldly from thee. Ile henceforth learne to love a woman better then I was wont: who knows how this may prove?

The world is of a vaſt extent, we ſee, (*Exit with*
And muſt be peopled; children there muſt be. (*the maid.*

SCENE

SCENE 2.

Enter Rebellion, Sneake.

Reb. What caus'd their quarrell?

Sneak. This Sir: because when you, my Master, and M. *Time-Server*, were with him at the Sun Tavern, you went away and left him sleeping on a bench, which act he took so hainously that the next day he sent a furious challenge to my Master.

Reb. The place.

Sneak. Hide-Park.

Rebellion. Tell M. *Suckdry* I will be there and back him, as his second. (*vengeance pursue him, why made he choyce of mee.*) I have had vigour in my arme ere now, and yet I can doe somewhat, tell him Ile meet him at the houre appointed. Farwell.

Sneak. I shall informe him Sir. (*Exit*)

Reb. The death of slaves pursue thee: ----- So now my houre of death drawes neer, I could not force my tongue to a deniall: --- I shall meet them at more distance, then a country Gentle-womman, sees the Lyons at first time ------ Ile goe (though by the way I fall to ashes.) (*exit Rebel.*

SCENE 3.

Enter Time-server, with Harlot Shallow-braines wife.

Time-ser. Is he drunk? *Har.* So dead, that you may pound him in a mortar, or shake him in a blanket stuck with pins, and he nere cry for help.

Time-ser. Very good fortune, this favour does me ample amends for all thy frowns: Sweet tis thy marriage night, the thought of that creates an earthly heaven, while now the fool thy husband snorts in's bed, and dreams, that passing a rough tide, he arrives at Cuckolds haven; I'me swallowed in the Ocean of thy beauty, and thus I spread my armes for help.

Pulls her to him in a chaire, they kisse.

Shallow-braines in his shirt peeps through the Arras.

Shal. So, close Priest, I shall pound you with her, my wit is not so shallow, but it can prompt me to save my head from being grafted on my marriage night: J, so, revell with your salt lips, the other sport is fulsome.

Har. Thou knowest J ever lov'd thee, and that J took this fool but for a Stale, his money thee and J will revell out in cloaths and banquets.

Shal. O where!

Time-Ser. Ha, ha, ha, was ever such a novice, to fill the bed himselfe his marriage night,——sweet shall's go to a chamber, and there we will feast love unto the height, and use variety in lust, which shall beget perpetuall appetite.—

Shal. I'le circumvent you—Sir.—

Har. But now I think on't, first, I pray resolve me Sir, doe you find no remorse at no time, that you who are obliged to be a guide to others, should so forget the way your selfe?

Time-ser. And what of that? let men do as I say, and not as I do; is man inslav'd more then the beasts? Does not the wombe of one faire spring bring unto the earth many sweet Rivers, that wantonly do one another chase,
And in one bed, kisse, mingle and imbrace:
nice observations cleave to easie souls that love to be deluded.

Har. Can you deceive the world so?

Time-ser. As easily as Whores their jealous husbands; I must seem holy to the publike view, else there's no comming in, 'tis out-sides men are taken with, I can on the Fast-daies presse abstinence, and on Thanksgiving daies, teach how wee ought rejoyce with moderation, on Sabbath daies exhort to strict devotion, and keeping of that day inviolate, else not a penny from the Sisters purles, but oh away prophane.

Shal. I me verie cold, that villan will undoe me.

Har. Sir, you are absolute in hypocrisie, an art I'me not to learne, but I that have been false my selfe, would faine rely on your fidelity,——will ye prove true unto me, *Shallow*, lightning blast um, would they would rise.

Time-ser. By this and this loves breakfast, [*they kisse*] and by his feasts to come, by all the beauty in this face.—

Har. O hold, sweare not by that, sickneſse and mischance, are great devourers, and when there is not in these cheeks and lips left red enough to blush at perjury, when you shall make it, what shall I doe then?

Time-ser. Our souls by that time, sweet, wil by long custom so acquainted be, they *will not need that duller truch-man flesh,*
Meane time weel teach love how to aime aright,
While we do wound each other in his sight,

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, they're taken in my toyle.——

They arise, and as they go out, fall in at a trap-door seen to be opened by Shallow-brains.

Now

Now M. *Time-ſerver*, and my Bride, how do you like your bathe. [*ſtoops down.*

Time-ſer. in the Vault. We are undone, this vault is full of mire not water.

Har. I do confeſſe my fault, ſweet husband draw me out.

Shal. I have no ambition to be hanged for you ſweet-heart, nor for the leacherous Prieſt there, here one of you bind your ſelfe to this rope, and view the light agen,---come now.

Shal. So now pull you up the Prieſt, or let him lie there; I think I have ſo cooled you, you are this night unfit for *Venus* ſports, to morrow I'le proclaime ye. [*pulls up Harlot.*

Hereafter men for this my name will hallow,
And will eſteem them fools, ſhall count mee ſhallow. *Exit,*

Time-ſer. I ſink deeper, and deeper, was I ordained to periſh thus in mud. *Har.* here Sir, faſten your body to this rope,---- if my weake ſtrength can help come Sir.

Pulls him up dropping wet and durty.

Time-ſer. My cloathes are weightier then if I were arm'd *cap a pe* for the battell, where ſhall I ſhift my ſelfe? *Har.* I ſhake like to a lambe new yean'd upon a ſheet of ſnow; O fatall chance, this miſery Sir you have brought upon me! *Time-ſ.* I thought he had been ſo drunk the cannons iron throat could not have wak'd him; let's ſeek ſome place to ſhift us.

They paſſe through whirlpools, and deep Ills doe ſhunne,
Who weigh the event, e're that the action's done. (*Exeunt.*

Act 3. Scene 1.

Enter Loyalty.

Loy. WHat have I done unto the Fates that they ſhould thus find waies to ruine me, this whore betraid me to my death, and like the Syren uſeth to allure thoſe that paſſe by, to prey on um, for none liyn here but whores and villans, I have eſcapt their hands, this houſe is full of threſholds and trap-doors, would I were out: I was i'th' cellar too where maids were couch't, I laid my hand (groping for my way) upon one of them and and ſhe began to ſqueake; I muſt ſubmit to chance, and think on ſome way to relieve my ſelfe in meet time, wait with patience.

We muſt not let our griefe be too profound,
Mans paine ſhould be no greater then his wound.

SCENE 2.

Enter Suck-dry, Com.-curse, Shal.brains, as in Hide-Park. Common-cur. You have observed your time, are nobler then J thought you would have been;---where is your second? *Suck.* Where's yours? *Com.* Here. *Suck.* What *Shallow-brains? Shal.* Yes Sir; *Shallow-braines*, who intends e're that his Master shall be wrong'd for to beat out your braines?---*Suck.* J like thy humour well, go on and prosper, my friend staies long.

Enter Rebellion, and standing afar off gazeth upon them.

Reb. As J live, they are so foolish, as to fight, see where they stand. J would give twenty pound now for *Fortunatus* wishing hat, that in a trice J might flie home againe,---J had thought not to have found them there.---*Suck.* Now yonder comes my friend. *Com.* Yes, he steals along as he had rob'd some henroost. *Reb.* J am descride, nor can J now give back, feare seizes on me like the hand of death.

---Gentlemen J am come but may not fight.

---*Com.* How not not fight,---*Reb.* No Sir, this night J had a vision, that certified mee, if J should fight to day 'twere as much as my life's worth. *Com.* Base coward get thee home again, drawes: Come M. *Suck-dry* let us now meet in single battell here, and struggle till wee want our soules. *Suck.* Alas Sir, you see my second doth refuse to fight, and besides, as yet J have not made my peace with heaven, J nere thought on't till now.---*Com.* Under this tree (kneel down) and quickly end thy orisons.--- *Suck.* Alas Sir, this place is not convenient, let me go home, and anie other day you shall appoint, J will be sure to meet you. *Reb.* They're busie in discourse, Jle take the opportunity,---runs away. *Suck.* Slave, Jle be thy confessor, thou art not worthy of my sword, a wand were better,---cuts a cudgell,---Jle bee your ghostly father,---nay sturre not, if thou dost, Jle cut thee into Atoms, and let the humerous wind to fanne the o're thee earth. *Suck.* Oh, oh! good Sir, let me go home, Jle enter into bond to give forty pounds. *Com.* So perishing sailors pray to storms, and so they heare *agen*, (*bangs him*)---sirrha confesse unto me, J know J have been everie way as guiltie as thy selfe, but J've repented of what hath been, and left my cursed calling, and now Jle *Currie* thee into a better Greed. *Suck.* O hold Sir, J will confesse. *Com.* Come then. *Suck.* J do acknowledge,

J have hitherto pretended zeale to God and love to goodneſſe onely to blind the eyes of men.---*Com.* So. *Suck.* And J have contrarie to the very light of knowledge extold thoſe men for vertuous, faithfull ones, whom J have knowne to be the worſt of Traytors.---

Men that turne blacke to white, and can with eaſe
Forme holy earth, the rivers and the ſeas.

Com. Good, very good. *Suck.* That I with them have daily hoorded that coine the fooliſh Commons have brought in, ---ſwaid with a fooliſh zeal, and that I have uſed all means to impede what ere did tend to peace. *Com.* Hold, my ears are bliſtered ſore already, and ſhould I heare thee further, I feare they will drop off; be gone, Ile leave thee, wiſhing thy converſion; the conſtitution of my ſoule agrees not with this climate; Ile leave this Iſle ere long.

Where want keeps vertue down, and none can riſe,
Without they'r o'th' Committees, or th' Excize.

Suck. *I've ſcap'd with life, Ile home, and if I can,*
I will till death be a Committee-man. *Exit.*

Act 4. Scene 1.

Loyalty put forth in a bed, with him Urinall a Phyſitian, and three Creditors.

Loy. YOu know what's my diſeaſe Sir. *Uri.* Yes, and the cure. *Loy.* If it take, I will reward your friendſhip: is my uncle ſent for? *Uri.* Yes. *Loy.* My friends, I've ſent for one able enough to pay you. 1. *Cred.* But is he willing Sir? *Loy.* For that you muſt remain in hope, two houres will not expire ere you receive your money, or be for ever out of hope. 2. *Cred.* Of paiment? Heaven forbid it ſir.

Loy. Ile joyn with you in the ſame prayer, but if it happen that unawares you do receive your money, you'l not be timerous to truſt anew. 1. *Cred.* You ſhall not want for cloth. 2. *Cred.* For Linnen. 3. *Cred.* For money. *Loy.* I thank you all.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mr. *Rebellion* is without. *Loy.* Admit him in. Sir, you know your charge, [*to the Phyſitian*] Now muſt I practiſe my diſguiſe. *Enter Rebellion.*

Reb. How

Reb. How now nephew, although I once resolved for ever to desert thee, yet naturall affection cannot be hid: what's your desire? *Loy.* You see Sir, in what a despicable state I am worn quite away with sickness, my soule now ready to take her flight to him that lent her me. —Oh, Oh, I can no more. *Seems to swoune.*

Reb. Help for Gods sake, rub him, rub him, so, so, so, how do you nephew.

Loy. *Death deales with me, but as with tortur'd men,*
Whom states preserve, onely to wrack agen.

Reb. We must all die, the sisters spin no cables for us mortalls: you'r his Physition I suppose Sir, what's his disease?

Phy. A burning Fever Sir. *Reb.* Me thinks he lookes too pale for that. *Phy.* Alas the operation's secret, which renders him the worse, it is *Aurum palpabile* alone can cure him.

Loy. I quite dispare of life, wer't thou a second *Æsculapius* Doctor, thy skill were spent in vaine, on mee only thus Sir I would desire you Uncle, as you are vertuous, and would not be thought guiltie of obstructing my journey unto heaven, you would before my death discharge those debts I am to these ingag'd, which when I see perform'd, I shall with joy depart; imbrace my death with as much willingnesse as ship-wrack Sea-men would the shore, or Malefactors a repreive: till that be done, my soule is much distracted, and worldly thoughts incountring those are pious, maintain fierce warre within mee. Oh! oh! oh!

Reb. Ha, I'm caught, [*scratches his head*] cannot for credit of my own humanity, denie for to perform his hests; I shall be rid of him at once; what's he oblig'd to pay you? [*to the*

1 *Cred.* Twenty pound Sir to me for cloth. [*creditors.*

2. *Cred.* Thirty to me Sir for linnen. 3. *Cred.* Twenty he borrowed of me, beside the interest. *Reb.* It must be so, Ile pay it, Gentlemen you shall have your mony. *Cred.* We thank you Sir. *Reb.* The world sha'nt say I damn'd my brothers son. May I use a servant? 1. *Cred.* O yes Sir: *Richard*, come hither. *Enter servant.* *Ser.* Your pleasure. *Reb.* Goe you my friend home to my house, —Thou knowest. *Ser.* Yes Sir I do. *Reb.* And bid *Thomas* bring me the seal'd bag that lies in my Studie window; this key will further him. *Ser.* I shall Sir. *Reb.* How fare you nephew? *Loy.* Sir, now my

soule

soule is pacified, and I shall passe away as in a pleasing dream; pray heaven the fatall Sisters cut not into my vitall thread, untill I see the money paid: pray take your seat unkle, M. *Vrinal* pray sir down; Gentlemen, pray fill those chaires: I've a device ere I depart the world, worthy your observation.

Recorders: Enter Sleep and Death, bearing a young man betwixt them naked, they lay him down, dance about him. Enter Poverty, *she bewailes over him, and danceth with the rest.* Death *and* Sleep *seem to strive for the body,* Sleep *prevaileth. Enter* Mammon, *and placing two bags of gold under either arme, he reviveth, danceth with* Sleep *and* Poverty, *then* *Exeunt.*

Reb. What's the conceipt of this? *Loy.* This is a vision Sir, forewarnes what is to come, and is an excellent preparative for me.

Reb. I understand not what was meant, but much I like their postures.

Enter Thomas *with a sealed bag.*

Thom. Sir, here's the gold you sent for.

Reb. O very good, Gentlemen draw neer, here's pen, ink, and paper, give me acquittance, and subscribe your names, then take your money. *Cred.* Willingly. *They write.*

Reb. Let me see, there's twenty [*powres gold on the board.*
pounds for you Sir, there's thirty for you Sir, there's 20. for you Sir. Now nephew, I trust, your peace being made on earth, you will make peace with heaven, I have discharged your debts.

Loy. I thank you Sir, [*leaps out of the bed.*
This hearty love of yours has wrought my perfect cure.
Fa, la, fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la. *dances.*

Reb. Does he counterfeit? I'm fool'd out of my money, these varlets have spread a net to catch me threescore and ten pounds,---I shall run mad, I can't contain my selfe, what shall I do?
Ile get an halter, and on the next tree
Ile put an end unto my miserie. *Exit.*

Loy. *Come, let's away, Rebellion hang'd and dead,*
Loyalty with applause will shew his head. *Exeunt.*

Act 5.

Enter Horne *alone.*

Horn. WOman besides the trouble, has ever bin thought a rent-charge, and though through the vain curiosity of man, it has often been inclosed, yet it has seldome been brought to improve or become profitable, it faring with married men (for the most part)

as

as with those that are at great charges, wall in grounds, and plant, who cheaper might have eaten Melons elsewhere, then in their owne garden Cucumbers, they are creatures (for the most part) so beholden to *Venus*, that they cannot contain themselves without variety of glister-pipes, nay and are so ravenous, that they court men by proxies to meet them. *Come none, they'l meet their slaves, those out o'th way,*
A tankerd-bearer for his paines they'l pay,
He absent, no man found, ere they'l abide
Delay, they'l let a horse, get up, and ride.

But I, under the rose be it spoken, have let my wife to farm, and make the best of her: those Gallants that resort to her, pay liberally, and so that I gain coine, let them gain---what she gives them; but there's one *Dammee* a Ruffian that would ingrosse her to himself, drives those away that come and bring in gain, nor will disburse himself one doit.

A fellow takes no rest, if peace he keep,
A quarrell still is prologue to his sleep,
And I that have the Moon before me borne,
With my large Antlers, am but made his scorne:
Heare how we quarrel'd, if a quarrell t'were,
Where he layes on the blowes, I onely beare:
He stands before me, and commands me stand,
And I must be obedient to's command.
Alas, what would you have a man to doe
I'th hands of one that's mad, and stronger too!

SCENE 2. (*knocking within.*

Whence, who's there? *Dammee w thout.* Where's Mrs. *Horne.* *Horn* I shall be beat to death if he set eye on me, Ile send one to him, (*goes off.*) *Enter Iames. knocking w thout.* *Iam.* Who's there? *Dam* Open the doore you rogue. *Iam.* Rogue, who are you? (*opens the doore*) O M. *Dammee*, you are welcome Sir. *Dam* Where's the mistresse? *Iam.* Not at home Sir. *Dam.* Then all my feares are true, any she is false, false as a falling starre, or glow wormes fire: this divell beauty is compounded strangely, it is a subtill point, and hard to know, whether it has in it more active temptie, or more passive tempted, so soon it forces, and so soon it yeelds.——Shees light as ayre, Ile once give her the bells, and let her flie to the devill.

Ile to the tavern, that my thoughts may move,
And then Ile go, and find another love. *Exit.*

Enter Horn *againe.*

Horn. *Iames*, Is he gone *Iames*? His voice doth terrifie me more then thunder doth the Indians: my gaine is gone, my wife is run away, I could for spight now be a convert, and turn honest in my age; I have a Countrie-house in Warwickshire, thither Ile go, and live upon the Onions that I sow, and Beans that I shall set. Wilt along *Iames*? *Iam.* yes Sir.

Horn. *Come then, and since I've lost my citie-wife,*
Ile for the future lead a countrey-life. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.